

Our Boys and Girls

MADGE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

At the sound of her father's step in the hall, Madge Harvey dropped her book and ran to meet him. "O, papa! I went to see Rosemary this afternoon, and I am so sorry for her."

"Sorry for Rosemary? Why, she is doing finely. Two months more and she will be able to walk down stairs. Next fall she can re-enter school."

"Two months more! Next fall! That's a long time to wait, mamma; now, what can I give Rosemary that will help her to bear being shut away from everything?"

It was a moment before Mrs. Harvey spoke. Rosemary Lee had been the patient of a physician who had been obliged to leave the city, so he had turned the little girl's case over to Dr. Harvey. Rosemary was an orphan, being cared for by her sister Jasmine, who had a good position in a newspaper office. The little girl had been in a hospital, being treated for curvature of the spine. She had recently been moved home, where she had to be alone while her sister was at work.

"What can I give her?" Madge repeated.

"Give her your birthday party."

"Why, mamma, what do you mean? My birthday comes week after next, but Rosemary's does not come until May. We talked about birthdays today."

"We could bring Rosemary here for the day. Your paper says it will not hurt her to ride. She would have to lie on the couch, but she could join in the quiet games."

"But that would be coming to my party. You said—"

"To give it to Rosemary; let it be her party. You can explain to the little girls that they are coming to Rosemary's party, not to yours. I will explain to our relatives. Whatever gifts come, including papa's and mine, are to be hers."

Madge's face took on a grave look, for her aunts always remembered her birthday with beautiful gifts. "Would it be polite to give away the things given to me?" she asked.

"They would not be given to you, but to Rosemary. Your giving would be the party. Think it over, dear. Rosemary's sister is devoted to her, and she has a good salary, but the expenses of this long illness cannot have left much for treats."

It did not take Madge long to decide. The more she thought of it the more she wanted to give her birthday party to Rosemary.

On one point Mrs. Harvey was firm; not even the aunts were to duplicate their gifts. "I want Madge to know the real blessing of giving, and that comes only when self is forgotten," the mother said.

It took much explanation to make the matter plain to the sisters. Jasmine's delight was great.

"It will make Rosemary so very happy. She is brave and never complains, but I know she is lonely. And it is the kindest thing I ever heard of any one doing."

The party began in the early morning. Jasmine prepared breakfast, and the big grapefruit and the bunch of violets for the table had come from the Harveys. Before going away the elder sister placed some mysterious looking packages where Rosemary could easily reach them.

Such a good time as the little girl had opening them. There was a string of amber beads from Aunt Donna, a pair of the daintiest slippers from Aunt Isabel, a real live canary in a cage from Aunt Myra, while the Harvey cousins had sent a great beribboned basket of fruit and nuts.

At ten Dr. and Mrs. Harvey came. With the aid of another man the doctor carried upstairs the dearest little writing-desk that Rosemary had ever seen. There was room for it at one side of her couch, where she could reach it by stretching out her arm. After it had been examined and admired, the doctor carried Rosemary down to his waiting car.

On arriving at the Harvey house she was put to bed. Her lunch was served her there, and Madge was allowed to come in but for five minutes.

"We must not have a tired girl at the party," Dr. Harvey declared.

Rosemary was ready, on the living-room couch, when the girls came trooping in after school. Some of them were not strangers, for they had been with Madge to visit the invalid. They greeted her cordially, each one trying to help her have a good time. It was a merry party, if a quiet one.

The little gifts brought by the girls were charming. There were two books, two handkerchiefs, a bottle of perfume, a box of stationery, two boxes of candy, a tiny fern, a blossoming primrose and a dissected map.

"Why, I'll never get lonely, with all these things to look at and think about," Rosemary cried.

Jasmine came in at supper-time, helping Mrs. Harvey serve. When all was over, the car was ready to take the two sisters home. Rosemary clung to Madge.

"I never heard of any one so dear and generous as you are."

Madge laughed. "Why, Rosemary, it has been the happiest birthday I ever had. It wasn't my party, because I had given it to you, but I enjoyed every minute of it."—Selected.

FAMOUS BOYS.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and, if you will read his life, you will find these were just his traits all through,—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers, so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy

will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it, I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.—Our Dumb Animals.

HELP IN TEMPTATION.

An English naval officer told a grateful story of the way he was helped and saved from dishonor in his first experience in battle. He was a midshipman, fourteen years old. The volleys of the enemy's musketry so terrified him that he almost fainted. The officer over him saw his state and came close beside him, keeping his own face toward the enemy, and held the midshipman's hand, saying in a calm, quiet, affectionate way: "Courage, my boy. You will recover in a minute or two. I was just so when I went into my first battle." The young man said afterwards that it was as if an angel had come to him and put new strength into him. The whole burden of his agony of fear was gone, and from that moment he was as brave as the oldest of the men. If the officer had dealt sternly with the midshipman, he might have driven him to cowardly failure. His kindly sympathy with him dispelled all fear, put courage into his heart, and made him brave for battle.

It was thus that Christ is touched with a feeling of our infirmity when, assailed by sudden temptation, we quail and are afraid. He comes up close beside us and says: "I understand. I met a temptation just like yours that tried me very sorely. I felt the same dread you feel. I suffered bitterly that day. I remember it. Be brave and strong, and your fear will vanish and you will be victorious." Then he takes our hand, and the thrill of his sympathy and of his strength comes into our heart, dispelling all fear.—J. R. Miller.

Children's Letters

A LETTER OF THANKS.

Dear Presbyterian: Thank you for that nice paper you sent me. I recited the little catechism. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Seny Leech. I have four brothers and no sisters. Their names are, Burrs, Henry, Robert and Charles. Thanking you for the certificate.

Your unknown friend,

R 2, Lexington, Va.

Kate Lackey.

Dear Kate: I am glad you enjoyed the paper and liked the certificate. It was very nice for you to write to say thank you.

H. A.

HASN'T MISSED S. S. FOR FOUR YEARS.

Dear Presbyterian: I am in the seventh grade at school and I go every day. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday and am in the Junior class. I haven't missed Sunday-school in four years. This is my first letter to you.

Your unknown friend,

Annie S. McMillan.

Dear Annie: It is fine not to have missed S. S. in four years. I wonder if there are any of our other boys and girls that can say that.

Helen Argyle.